

THE GERMANS IN AMERICA

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

According to the most conservative estimates there are at least 12,000,000 people in America who are either German or of German extraction. We have more than 5,000,000 citizens who were actually born in the Fatherland. They are diffused through every portion of the country, but New York has the largest German colony in the world. After that the greatest number is found in Pennsylvania. In the early days of the Keystone State, when the question arose whether the German or English language should be the official tongue of the legislature, a German cast the deciding vote in favor of the English. Nine governors of Pennsylvania have been of German descent. In the West the numbers pile up again, and there was at one time a concerted effort in Wisconsin to make that wholly a German State. Probably 75 per cent of the population of Milwaukee is of German extraction.

The history of the Germans in the United States is as picturesque as any traditions cherished by the American people. Peter Minniewitz, of Wesel, was the first German to set foot on American soil. He came in 1624 as first governor of New Netherlands, but the initial German colony was not established until 1683, in the land of William Penn. This little band of thirteen families came on the good ship Concord, with Germantown as their Plymouth Rock. The emigration was struggling and infrequent during the rest of the century, but the accession of good Queen Anne to the throne of England, and her generous protection of the persecuted Germans, led them in 1763 to leave their desecrated homelands for England's land where they were sent to people the American colonies.

Although the Germans themselves do not boast of their record, claiming to be a peaceful people, the archives of American wars show some interesting facts about them as soldiers. The first regiment to reach Gen. Washington after his call to arms was the York County regiment, composed of Germans, under Lieut. Heinrich Miller. More than forty companies in the war of the Revolution were composed of this race, and many of them coming from New York and Pennsylvania, but each State where they had settled contributed its share. Col. Nicolaus Henschelmeier, with his brace band of followers, won two decisive victories for the colonies. The far-famed First New York Battalion, under Col. Lasher, was composed of German soldiers. When, in 1776, Washington's depleted army of 5,000 men called for help before going into the battles of Princeton and Trenton, it was 1,500 German soldiers who re-entrained them and won those two battles.

The brilliant, picturesque Baron von Steuben, drillmaster and inspector general of the army, was called the right hand of Washington because he took a mob and hammered it into an army. When the Continental soldiers were starving at Valley Forge and a plea was sent forth for funds, nine Germans responded by raising \$100,000. The superintendent of bakeries of the Continental army was Christopher Ludwig, who was described by Gen. Washington as "my best friend." Michael Hilligass, who was the first Treasurer of the United States, and afterward of the United States, was of that nationality. It was Heinrich Miller who became president of the Continental Congress, and a German editor "scooped" his colleagues on the birth of the United States.

Two stalwart figures of the Revolution were the sons of Henry M. Muhlenberg, the founder of the Lutheran Church in America. The first, Rev. Peter G. Muhlenberg, of Woodstock, Va., called his little flock together one Sunday morning, preached a stirring sermon on the glories of war for the right, then threw aside his clerical coat, donning a military uniform, and called on all those who would follow him. At the church door he made up a company of 300 men, and with this handful he went through the war, becoming colonel, then brigadier general, and finally major general. His statue has been placed in the national hall in Washington by the State of Pennsylvania. His brother, Frederick A. Muhlenberg, was president of the convention which ratified the Constitution of the United States. Later he was made Speaker of the First and Third Congresses, and it was his deciding vote, in the memorable deadlock of April 23, 1791, which made the Jay treaty operative.

The first force to reach Lincoln in 1861 to defend the Union was a regiment from Pennsylvania composed almost entirely of the descendants of Revolutionary patriots, who in the earlier days were the first to reach George Washington. It was the Germans who saved Missouri and Kentucky for the Union. Over 200,000 men of this race served in the armies of the North, 5,000 of whom were officers.

There were twenty-seven German sailors on the ill-starred Maine, which was sunk in Havana Harbor. Chief Gunner Leonard G. F. Kuehwein fired the first shot at Manila. There were thirty German officers in Roosevelt's Rough Rider regiment, and of the three first American flags planted on San Juan Hill, one was placed there by Capt. Frederick Mueller, of the Rough Riders. There was a German in Hobson's little band, and Admiral Schley, the hero of Santiago, is of German descent. All of which goes to show that in times of stress Uncle Sam may well depend upon his German sons.

But it is as scholars and musicians that the Germans have made the greatest imprint on our national life. The kindergarten, with its happy combination of work and play, is a gift from German babies, and the idea of the university as developed in America is patterned after German rather than English institutions. An adequate list of German-American scholars would fill a book. Among the most eminent of these are such men as Prof. Kuno Frank, of Harvard, the foremost authority on German literature; Dr. Hermann Knapp, the highest authority on eye and ear troubles in America; Prof. H. E. von Holst, the historian and biographer; Prof. Friedrich Hirth, of Columbia University, America's oracle on China and Chinese affairs; Mrs. Maria Kraus-Berle, the woman who introduced the kindergarten; Prof. Herman V. Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, the recognized authority on ancient worlds, and Miss Margaret Muller, the head of the department of German at Wellesley College.

The number of Germans in our orchestras has never been computed, but prominent musicians claim that every fourth man is of that race. The foremost orchestra leaders in America are German, among them being such men as Alfred Hertz, of the Metropolitan Opera House, New York; Franz Kniesel, of the famous Kniesel Quartet, and P. A. Schaeffer, of New York, who has written more church music than any other man in America.

The Pintsch and Welsbach lights are wonders of German creation. The Brooklyn Bridge, the eighth wonder of

the world, was built by John Roebling. The two greatest telescopes in the world were given by James Lick, the philanthropist, and Charles Yerkes, the street-car king. Dr. John M. Schaeberle, of Lick Observatory, has discovered three comets. David Rittenhouse is the foremost astronomer in America. Charles P. Steinmetz is the inventive genius of the General Electric Company of Schenectady, N. Y. Paul L. Wolff is the chief engineer of the American Bridge Company, and Henry Wehrum was the builder of the Lackawanna Steel Works at Buffalo. The great Nevada tunnel was executed by Adolph Sutro.

In finance, there are Charles M. Schwab, Henry Frick, and Frederick Weyerhaeuser, recently claimed to be the richest man in the world. The American captains of industry show in their ranks such men as Charles Sporko, the sugar king; Henry Fink, the railroad president; and Henry Miller, the cattle king. Adolphus Busch and Frederick Pabst are the world's greatest brewers.

The Germans have always been prominent in politics. Of the men holding seats in the conventional assembly in 1774, six

THE FLIRTATION OF ANNE

BY RITA KELLEY.

The delayed invitation of Janet Fair's house party almost caused a rupture in the Halliwell family, so intense was the scramble to get frocks that matched the shoes, girdles to match the frocks, with sufficient everything into the traveling bags and Anne off to the station for the 4:30 train. At the last minute she snatched from her writing desk a few pages torn from a magazine and stuffed them into her handbag as she hurried down to the cab. Janet had sent her the story a fortnight ago, and the success or failure of the weekend for her depended upon whether or not she waded through it before she reached Brentwood. Janet had set opinions about some things, among them her love for conventional Anne, and an overweening desire to provide literature, much diversified by commentaries, for her best beloved.

Anne made the train. As she hurried down the platform and climbed into the car a feeling of wild good humor possessed her. The old, cramping demureness that savored of self-consciousness in her personality had been lost in the excitement of the last hour. She found herself within the car with the exhilarating sense of something new, something she didn't know what, exactly. Then it flashed over her. No more old ladies, or women with children, or nice elderly men; she shuddered at thought of the innumerable things she had asked to share their seats—no! This time she was free from tradition. She would pick a winner! With brave determination she gripped her bags and set out down the aisle in quest of a winner.

He was at the extreme end of the car. Big and brown, and he looked the part. The little query was said, the alacrity of moving bags ended, and Anne sank into the man's place by the window, facing him, with a tiny feeling of exultation.

He was a winner, sure enough; handsome, and with the most charming manner she had ever seen. Anne looked at him as Harvard man when he lifted his hat, they were all so delightfully gallant. She was not in the least embarrassed by his intermittent gaze which was timed, as only a winner knows how, to meet her vagrant glances. She knew her hat was immeasurably becoming with the pink rose and soft plume against her brownish hair also, that her blue fox coat was the latest cry in Paris, and her gloves and boots correct. It occurred to her presently, however, that she ought to convince the man of her complete disinterestedness in choosing him for a traveling companion. Accordingly, she drew the portion of magazine from her handbag and settled herself comfortably. There were six pages of it, and she knew that, providing she read leisurely, it would last until she reached Brentwood. Janet had a third virtue, she considered, speculating subconsciously, with eyes fixed on the flowing landscape, over a long look which she had just interrupted—were his eyes brown or gray or green?—Oh, Janet's virtue! Well, it was providing literature for traveling young ladies who were in danger of reverting without warning to embarrassing, original self-consciousness.

Janet had scribbled in her bold chirography wherever an interlineation was possible—fond, foolish things which Anne soon forgot to read in her absorption in the story. She loved a horse, and this was a hero, handled with the sympathetic touch of a lover of horses. Tears sprang to her eyes, to be succeeded by a smile—a low laugh, or strained intendment and pain. She finished the story as the train whistled for Brentwood, with an overwhelming desire to lean over and tell the man facing her that it was the greatest story ever written; that she wanted to tell him about it; that she knew he would understand.

Carried outside herself, she leaned forward, impulsively her lips parted, eyes glowing, about to speak. Presto! Her mind sprang like a trap—and she bent over her bags instead, embarrassedly preparing to flee. She gave him the fellest of glances as she arose, and he looked steadily at her while a suspicion of a smile appreciative and friendly—came into his eyes. She had the story with her, but suddenly following an impulse, she dropped it as a thing of no value upon the seat.

Janet Fair was in a state of woe. The lion of the house party had not materialized. Frantic telephoning and wires disclosed the fact that he had left town for Sioux—next station beyond Brentwood on the 4:30 train, and had been seen no more. The Fair country place stood midway between the two stations used impartially by the Fair guests, and a coupe had arrived at both stations, one bringing Anne Halliwell from Brentwood, the last woman guest.

"He is yours, dear," said Janet, drawing Anne out into the chill moonlight on the little balcony. "Put this shawl over your shoulders—your gown is so sheer and lovely—and promise me, if he becomes manifest alive or dead, that you will smile upon him."

"Why don't you take him yourself?" laughed Anne.

"Can't. Never sees me. Told me, confidentially, that he adored the evilest, dreamy girl made of repose and inner rest, and that I handed him over to you. You'll have to take him bodily, for Gladys Whitcomb has sharpened up her teeth and nails ready to spring and drag him off."

"But, Janet," protested Anne, "I never went in for a man in my life—I couldn't do it—it's so dead common—I'd hate myself."

"I'm a deep-dyed villain!" growled Janet, striking an attitude. "You blessed lamb, don't I know your proclivities? Rack your naive brain for a simple and good reason why I sent you a belated invitation, why I expected Aubrey Church-

ill on the 4:30 train; why—"

"W—wasn't?"

Anne started in consternation, lost her balance against the low railing, and was

were Germans, and in the Pennsylvania delegation to Congress there has always been from five to ten Germans. Richard Bartholdt, in the Lower House of the National Congress, from Missouri, has been made president of the Inter-parliamentary Union. Frank Steinhart, the brilliant consul general to Havana, is of German descent.

Christopher Sauer printed the first American Bible in any European language, and Pastorius wrote the first American school book. George Anshutz was the first Pittsburgh ironmaker. Thomas Nast was the first great American cartoonist. Gustav Beyer has the largest collection of American beetles. P. A. B. Widener, of Philadelphia, has the finest private art collection in America. Peter Miller was the first to translate the Declaration of Independence, reproducing it in seven languages, and John Wamaker, who is to-day the foremost merchant of America, elevated the department store to its present broad scope.

We derived many of our superstitions and folk lore from the Germans. The seven years of bad luck, supposed to attend one who breaks a looking-glass, is the result of their imagination, and those who fear to start a journey on Friday are indebted to them for the idea. Those who plant potatoes and onions by the changes of the moon, or have their horoscopes cast once during the year, owe their ensuing luck to the same source. The ground hog as a weather prophet received his first recognition in the Fatherland, and the idea of a bear is a German contribution to our civilization.

To-morrow—The Irish in America.

THE FLIRTATION OF ANNE

BY RITA KELLEY.

reeling backward, when strong arms caught her and set her upon her feet. Then a traveling bag was flung upon the balcony, and, emerging from the shrubbery beneath, a man vaulted beside the girls.

"My lady of the story," he said, smiling whimsically upon Anne, who, after one swift look, was trying vainly to melt into the shadow, "I have a score to settle with you after I get something to eat. Just look at this astounded brow, will you? It's like a sponge. And these aching arms that carried that bag ten miles on an empty stomach."

"Oh, jolly!" screamed Janet, ecstatically, sliding through the French window. "You'll have a banquet, Aubrey Churchhill!"

A terrifying silence followed the click of the window behind Janet's exit. Anne stood on the chilly balcony with the perfect stillness that precedes either attack or precipitate flight, gazing straight into the steady eyes of the man before her.

Then, turning swiftly, she wrestled with the window fastener for a moment, and fled. The man, laughing softly, stepped into the library and called: "The tilt after the banquet, remember!" as she escaped from the room.

He was a young man, who would have his way. Anne discomfitedly admitted later. She had been playing fox and goose with him desperately all evening with the dawning conviction that she was the singular goose. When he cornered her in the dim library as the other guests drifted into the music room, she almost gasped surrender.

"Now, Miss Story-Lady," he said, thrusting his hands into the pockets of his tuxedo, and looking tremendously handsome, with an expression of mock severity on his clean-cut face, "Why did you do it?"

Anne smiled preparatory to flight, but he blocked egress from the divan and she settled back with a laugh that tried to be trifling.

"It was a gross story, wasn't it?" she said irrelevantly.

"Don't you know," he said, dropping down beside her, "that you ought to apologize for causing me to discommode our hostess?"

Embarrassment enveloped Anne. She was groping desperately for that will-o'-the-wisp—her dare-deviltry, that had got

her into this difficulty and refused to extricate her. "W—why didn't you get off?" she stammered, a flush mounting her cheeks. "I did not keep you there."

"But the story did." He smiled insistently upon her as he drew the pages from his pocket.

Anne's heart stopped. She had forgotten the scribbles on the margins when she dropped the story in the car.

"It seems we have a stanch admirer in Janet," he said gently, "and, I for one, quite approve of her. I was deep in a panegyric on your charms and virtues when the train went through Sioux."

Anne groaned. She could not help it, knowing, as she did, the extravagance of Janet on paper.

"She has everything arranged," he continued, smiling subtly down at the helpless girl half facing him. "Bridesmaids—think of it—bridesmaids. We didn't either of us know that when we started out this afternoon, did we?"

Anne suddenly buried her face in her hands. He looked at her a moment musingly, then, ever so gently, extricated her from the tangle of her arms.

"Janet is a clever girl," he drawled. "She said you would have to be taken with a trick."

Anne blinked. Where was her vaunted demureness? "No such thing," she burst out. "I did it myself. I knew you were a winner."

(Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.)

President Joins Club.

Becomes Life Member of the National Rifle Association.

In reply to a letter from James A. Drain, president of the National Rifle Association of America, who headquarters at New York, asking the President to become a life member of that association, President Roosevelt sent the following answer:

My Dear General:

I am so heartily interested in the success of the National Rifle Association of America and its work done in co-operation with the national board for the management of our game, that I take pleasure in sending you herewith my check for \$5 for life membership therein.

Very truly yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

An Attractive Little Coat.

2454

DAILY FASHION HINT.



A Parisian Idea.

Delectable costumes of landweave, the charming silk and wool fabric, are numbered among some of the smartest spring wardrobes. This material lends itself admirably to the present-day modes, being

beautifully soft and of light weight. The graceful modeling of this frock illustrates its possibilities to a nicety, introducing in its make-up a new scarf-draped bolero coat trimmed with heavy Irish lace.

STREET RAILWAY SUE.

William H. Russell Wants \$500 Damages from City and Suburban.

William H. Russell, of Riverdale, Md., has begun suit against the City and Suburban Railway, of the District of Columbia, to recover \$500 alleged damages.

Russell, through his attorneys, Clarence R. Wilson and Ralph W. Hills, alleges that on November 28, 1906, he was a passenger on one of the cars of the defendant from Riverdale to this city. He alleges he offered fare to the conductor in legal money, who refused to accept it, and ejected him from the car at the next station, Woodridge. Russell says he walked to the next station and boarded another car, and came to the city, but too late to keep an appointment.

Russell claims that he was humiliated and injured and much annoyed by the conduct of the conductor.

TO CURE GRIP IN TWO DAYS.

LAXATIVE BRUSH cleanses the system. To get the genuine, call for full name and look for signature of E. W. Grove, 25c.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

The average woman does not pinch her feet nowadays, though an occasional sufferer from vanity is seen limping along in shoes too narrow or too short, or with monstrous heels that throw the body out of poise. There is no beauty in feet dressed in pinching coverings, so the suffering goes for naught.

Footwear is so cunningly fashioned that ease is secured without sacrificing pride to a great extent. A woman need not even know what size she wears, as feet are measured by an instrument that does the work of the shoemaker's last in that line. Different manufacturers use different systems of marking, so there is little satisfaction in knowing the size of a pair of shoes. All that really counts is the fit, which means comfort and beauty, or misery and ugliness. A well-dressed foot of any size is good to look upon, and a comfortably shod pair of feet adds much to life.

There is no extravagance in having a generous supply of footwear. The style in shoes does not change enough to put them out of commission as long as they are presentable, and frequent changes prolong the life of each pair. We simply have to dress our feet in accordance with our costume, for feet are conspicuous, and a pretty foot is regarded as a greater possession than a fair face. Also, there is a fancy for harmonizing shoes and frocks, a smart touch to the plainest costume.

The economical plan is to have a handsome pair of black shoes and gaiters to match each dress. Brown costumes are matched by leather in the various shades of tan, high-cut shoes buttoned as a first choice, though laced shoes are too comfortable and pretty to be pushed very far into the background. Too much stress cannot be laid on the value of accessories—the frock in secondary matter, as its whole character can be changed by a clever arrangement of stock, girdle, or fichu.

I have seen wonders achieved with a single gown of simple design and an ample supply of the small things that give the finishing touches. At a summer hotel one bodice masqueraded as a novelty on three separate occasions by a clever arrangement of yoke and sleeves. Perhaps one pair of feminine eyes may have probed the mystery, but I only knew it by the confession of the wearer, who looked fetching on every occasion. After all, that is all any woman can desire, is it not? It certainly is all that the grandest toilet can give.

We are not able to dispense with the services of the chiropodist because of past folly. The mischief was done years ago and foot ailments are obstinate. The children now growing up ought to be more fortunate, for they have had the advantage of sensible foot coverings from the cradle. Yet they may get silly later and lay in a stock of troubles which will require unceasing care. We do not hear so much of foot tender feet as we used to, probably because of thicker soles and the habit of changing stockings every day or even oftener. We change all our body clothing frequently, as we bathe often, and scarcely one woman in one hundred wears to bed any garment worn during the day.

BETTY BRADEN.

AMUSEMENTS.

BELASCO
SPECIAL.
To-night Only.
50c to \$2.00
Independent of the Theatrical Trust.
MARGARET HENRY
ANGLIN-MILLER
In THE GREAT DIVIDE
Single performance of "Great American play" in honor of representatives of American people and of foreign nations.
Beginning To-morrow Evening, Mar. 5.
FIVE NIGHTS ONLY.
MATS. WED. AND SAT.
HOPPER
NIGHTS, 25c to \$1.50. MATS., 25c to \$1.00.
Next week—THE TOURISTS, with RICHARD GOLDEN and seventy fun makers.

COLUMBIA TO-NIGHT AT 8:15.
THURSDAY AND SATURDAY MATINEES.
Kirk La Shelle's Original Production of
HENRY M. BLOSSOM'S
GREAT RACING PLAY.
CHECKERS
WITH HANS ROBERT
And the ENTIRE NEW YORK CAST.
NEXT WEEK
JESSIE BUSLEY
IN
"In The Bishop's Carriage"
WITH SUPERB SUPPORTING COMPANY.
THE RINK CONVENTION HALL.
SPECIAL.
MONDAY, TUESDAY, AND WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, 2:30. NIGHTS, 7 O'CLOCK.
PROF. DEMERS, CHAMPION SKATER OF THE WORLD.
In a Return Engagement.
The one man who pleased thousands of Washingtonians last spring.
POLO
FEATURE TO-NIGHT.
CO. H. VS. CO. F.

AMUSEMENTS.
Only Show in Washington at Popular Prices.
MAJESTIC
THE FAMILY THEATER
MATS. MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, & SATURDAY.
W. F. MANN, Presents
THE
COW PUNCHER
A PICTURESTORY OF THE
Next Week—HARRY CLAY BLANES IN THE BOY BEHIND THE GUN.
Chase's POLITE VAUDEVILLE
Daily Matinees, 2c. Evenings, 25c and 50c.
The Colosseum of the Season.
MISS MABEL McKINLEY
The Distinguished American Soprano.
A Grand Vocal Recitalist, and a Vocalist of the first rank.
CATERINE HAYES & RABBIT JOHNSON, offering a Grand Vocal Recital, and a Vocalist of the first rank.
Max Miller, the Brilliant Violin Virtuoso, Geo. B. Monks, James Monks and the Holman, Carrol & Baker.
The Haunted House, Motion Pictures.
NEXT WEEK—LOCK WHITFORD, JULIAN BLITTING, BEIT LESLIE & CO. DUFFIN-RED-LAY TROUPE, ETC. BUY SEATS TO-DAY.

AMUSEMENTS.
Popular with the People.
NEW LYCEUM
MATINEE DAILY, ALL THIS WEEK.
THE YANKEE DOODLE GIRLS
A FUNNY COMEDIAN—A
VAUDEVILLE ACT—A
GIRL! GIRL! GIRL!
Next Week—STAR SHOW GIRLS WITH CUNNING, THE JAIL BREAKER AND WIZARD OF HANCOCK.

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"

AMUSEMENTS.
TO-NIGHT 8:15.
NEW NATIONAL MATS. WED. & SAT.
MR. WILLIAM
FAVERSHAM
In the Stirring Western Drama,
THE SQUAW MAN
By Arrangement with Chas. Frohman.
NEXT WEEK—FAY TEMPLETON.
ELMENDORF
LAST LECTURE
TO-NIGHT
"LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN"